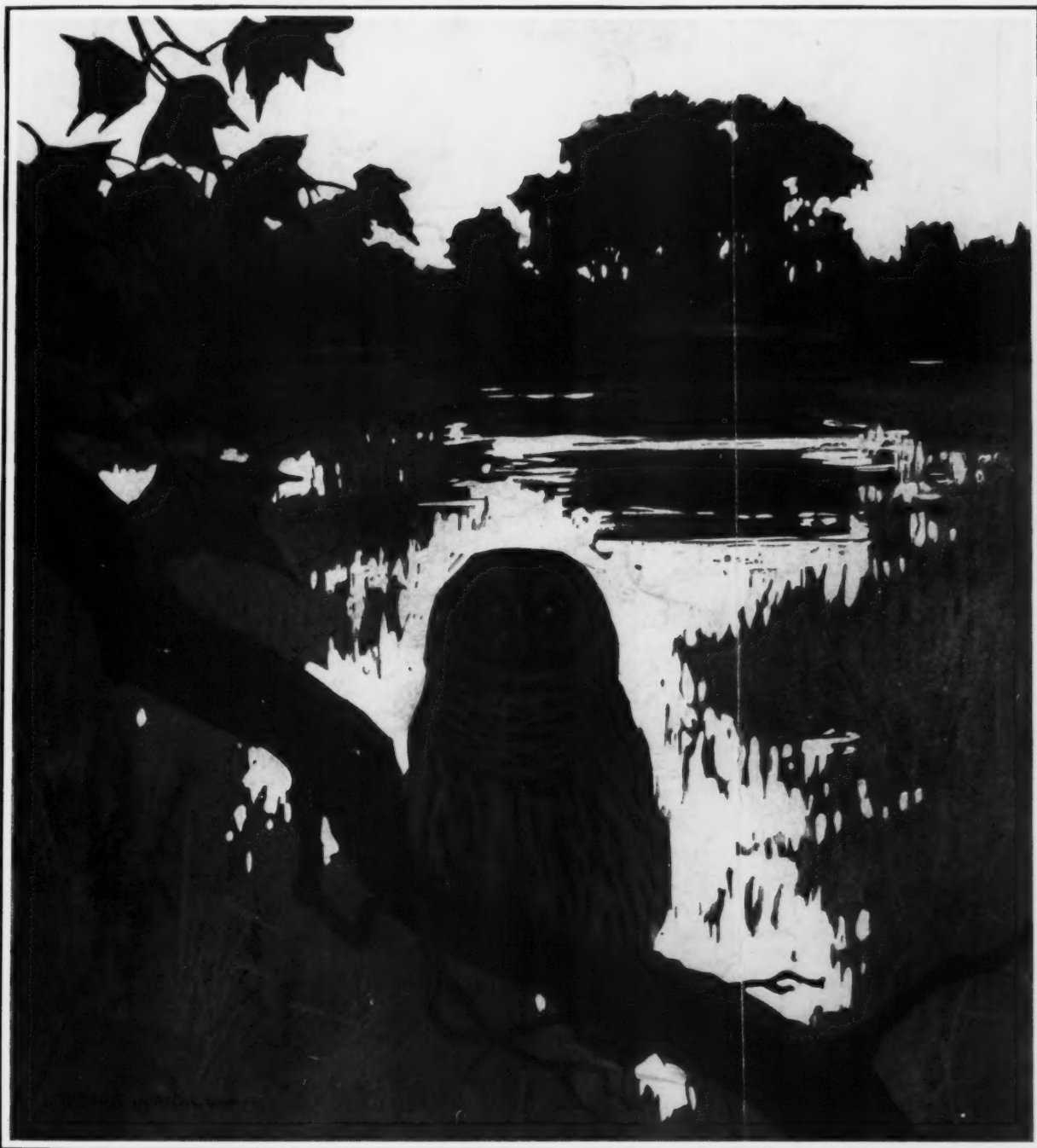
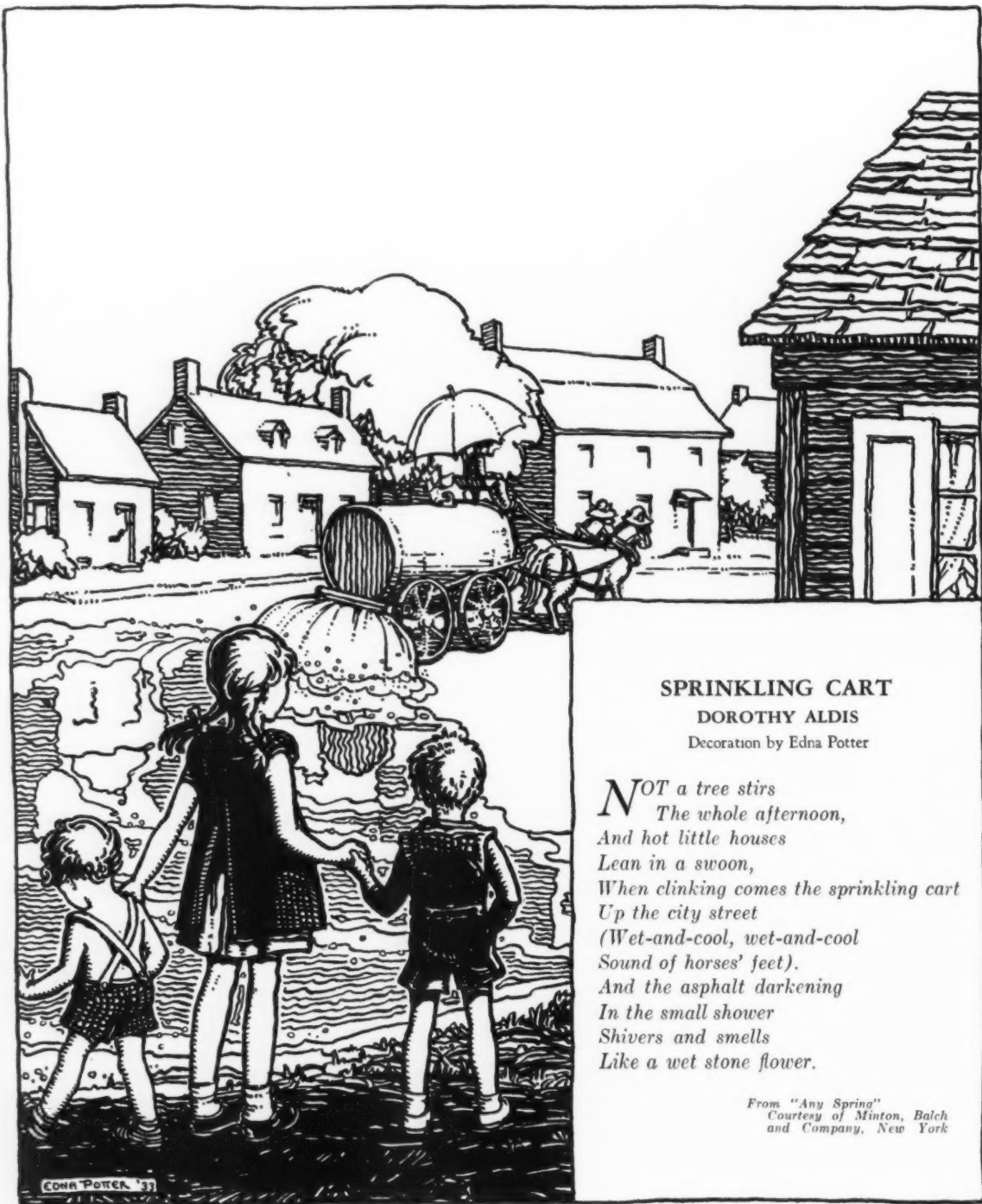


American
JUNIOR RED CROSS
September 1944 **NEWS** *"I Serve"*





SPRINKLING CART

DOROTHY ALDIS

Decoration by Edna Potter

*NOT a tree stirs
The whole afternoon,
And hot little houses
Lean in a swoon,
When clinking comes the sprinkling cart
Up the city street
(Wet-and-cool, wet-and-cool
Sound of horses' feet).
And the asphalt darkening
In the small shower
Shivers and smells
Like a wet stone flower.*

*From "Any Spring"
Courtesy of Minton, Balch
and Company, New York*

The Teacher's Guide

BY RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

The September News in the School

The Classroom Index

Art:

"The Bronx Zoo Gates"

Auditorium:

"For Friends Far Away." An auditorium program may serve as a focusing point for the Christmas box activity; or an exhibit in the library or a corridor will help the pupils to realize just how much they have done in this international project.

Civics:

"Safety First," "For Friends Far Away," "They Saved Five Hundred Lives"

English Composition and Literature:

"A School, a Castle and a Pillory" suggests among other things discussion of idioms that differ from language to language. Articles, prepositions, tense forms are among the difficulties met in mastering any foreign language. The skill with which these Austrian Juniors use English should stimulate respect for them.

"The Bald-Headed Baby" may be used as a starter for oral or written composition—youngsters telling their own experiences with baby brothers and sisters.

"For Friends Far Away," "Busy Members at Home," "Something to Read"

Geography:

Africa—"Something to Read"

Austria—"A School, a Castle and a Pillory"

England—"We, Us and Co. in London Town," "Links with the Old Country," "The Calendar Picture"

Estonia—"For Friends Far Away"

Germany—"Something to Read," "The Clock of Augsburg"

Other Countries—"In Other Lands"

Health:

"The Bald-Headed Baby" suggests the interest girls of the upper elementary grades, and boys, too, will have in studying Home Hygiene.

History:

"We, Us and Co. in London Town," "Links with the Old Country." Both these features may have interest, in developing intersectional correspondence. See pages 3 and 4 of this *TEACHER'S GUIDE*.

Nature Study:

"What the Owl Heard"

Primary Grades:

"The Sprinkling Cart," "What the Owl Heard," "The Bronx Zoo Gates," "Safety First," "Busy Juniors at Home," "The Bald-Headed Baby"

Brailled Short Stories

Through the kindness of adult Red Cross volunteers in four Chapters that have Braille presses, Junior Red Cross members again have an opportunity to cooperate in sending short stories as individual gifts to children in schools for the blind. The volunteers give their time free. The cost of the paper is met this year by allocating a small sum from the National Children's Fund. In this way any Junior Red Cross group that will undertake the work of making covers for these stories may have them free. Since the number of orders from schools for the blind

is limited and many Chapters will wish to have some part in the work, no group will be urged to take a large number of the stories. Assignments will be given in the order that requests are received. It is hoped that the majority of the stories can be covered and sent to the schools for the blind before the Christmas holidays.

Order directly from National or Branch Headquarters. As the stories are Brailled they are sent to the Headquarters' offices for distribution.

The covers should be durable and pretty, but need not be extravagant. They may be of the colored cardboard known as "cover stock for pamphlets" or any other durable material. Several Chapters shopped for notebook covers the right size (about 6x10 inches) and punched the holes to fit stories, then covered these with original, pretty designs made in art classes. Some of the Chapters made hinged cardboard covers. The following instructions came from the Superintendent of Schools of Gloucester County, New Jersey:

Materials—Two pieces of cardboard, 6x10½ inches; two pieces of colored construction paper one inch larger than the cardboard; two pieces of harmonizing lining paper one-half inch smaller than the cardboard covers; cord or tape for tying; gauze for reinforcement, one-half inch wide.

Process—Cover one piece of the cardboard with construction paper. Cut a strip one inch wide from end of second cardboard and then cut away one-eighth inch strip to allow for hinge.

Rejoin the two pieces with gauze, pasting it on both sides for strong reinforcement, and cover these two pieces so that this second cover will be the same size as the first one. Use the cover with the hinge for the top of the booklet. Punch holes to correspond with those in the stories. Tie together with tape or cord.

Whatever the materials, the covers should be of pretty colors. Designs may be conventional or modernistic or may be raised so that the blind children can feel their shape. If desired, such silhouettes may illustrate the story. Covers may be tied on with shoestrings, ribbon, yarn or floss.

A Help in Intersectional Correspondence

WHAT IS AMERICAN? By Frank Ernest Hill. The John Day Company, New York City, 1933. \$2.00.

Responsive to a growing desire on the part of Americans to define themselves and express their own meaning, *What Is American* gathers up our broad, diverse country into a readable two hundred pages. The result reflects the author's scholarly acquaintance with research of others and his first-hand acquaintance as a journalist in New York, as a lecturer in Knox College, Illinois, as an instructor in the University of Montana writers' conference, and as a worker, resident, traveler, and poet in other sections.

(Continued on page 2)

Developing Calendar Activities for September

COMBINING the membership pledge with the CALENDAR this year was an economy measure, but the result has pleased all who have seen it. It may be torn off neatly, by using a metal-edged ruler or scissors, and framed, or it may be turned back as a regular page is and referred to when needed. The headings of the three CALENDAR sections are again quoted from the pledge. Having the membership roll on the CALENDAR will help to keep the connection clear.

Local Service for the Year

In setting standards for relief, pupils may need to review the list of "Things to Remember" given on the October page of the CALENDAR last year. For the sake of new members these are repeated here:

Respect those who cannot work.
Help them to be independent.
Try to study their tastes and needs, not yours.
Be well-bred; keep your help secret.
Follow advice of social service experts—people who know how.

National Service

Service for veterans' hospitals may be organized for the term by a "time table" that distributes the opportunities among the various class groups and clubs.

There is a whole new set of Brailled short stories ready to be sent as gifts to children in schools for the blind. Instructions are given in full on the first page of this *TEACHER'S GUIDE*.

Intersectional correspondence has grown in popularity. You will find, on the opposite page, suggestions for using this project in English, geography and other social studies classes.

International Service

Mimeographed instructions for filling Christmas boxes may be obtained free on request. The cartons, also, are supplied free by National and Branch Headquarters offices.

International school correspondence continues to be one of the most popular projects and to offer broad opportunities for education in world understanding. The procedure established by the Junior Red Cross is based on twelve years of experience among schools in all parts of this country and in many other countries. No other project of any other organization affords as broad an opportunity and gives schools as much for as little expenditure of money on their part. Cooperation in keeping standards high and playing the game according to the rules agreed on by schools in the fifty countries concerned is important. Some of these agreements follow:

1. Sending two albums a year when possible and one or two additional in-between letters or holiday greetings keeps the friendship alive.

2. Writing letters as the representatives of the whole group and addressing these to another whole group gives the project a much broader scope—reaches hundreds instead of only the one sending and the one receiving. These letters may be written by individual pupils; the only restrictions are that they must not carry home addresses (it is a school project) and they must not be on trivially personal subjects (it is an educational project, and transla-

tion is too expensive for the Red Cross to undertake any except letters having an educational value). If classes are learning to work in groups some of the letters may well be composed by committees. At the National Convention last April a committee of three high-school delegates composed, in ten minutes with no coaching, a friendly, interesting letter in reply to a greeting from the Junior Red Cross Director of the League of Red Cross Societies.

3. Continuing each contact for at least two years gives friendly understanding time to grow. It is this objective that justifies the time and effort of the school and the money spent by the Red Cross in translation and transmittal abroad. The albums received in return may be routed to the class that prepared the original correspondence in connection with a unit of study and may be used with the new class to initiate or enrich the unit of study to which it is related. If a new teacher now has that grade she will usually welcome the incoming correspondence all the more cordially for the fact that it comes as an unearned gift from Providence—the result of a contribution made by that grade during the preceding year.

(Continued from page 1)

There are only six chapters, one of them a brief summary, and a well selected bibliography.

Our cultural inheritance from European ancestors has been blended with that from the Indians whom we dispossessed, and from the Africans whom we brought here; then transmuted again by our heritage of ocean, plain and mountain ranges, diverse climate and natural riches. The size of the country has affected even our minor manners. In England, laughter has been the laughter of understatement; in America it has been the laughter of exaggeration. The drive of religious zeal and the pursuit of religious freedom have been felt in exploration and science, and have resulted in material conquest and diversity of religions. The democratic ideal has its chance to develop, because, though the early settlers believed in class distinctions, few of them were from the titled classes—a "sprinkling of gentry and merchants but for the most part yeomen and artisans."

The machine has affected American life in a way and to a degree not true of the old world. Americans have made it their servant, without letting it, however, "cancel the force of the other great adventures which began before it." In the final chapters all these elements are brought into focus.

Teachers will not want to skip this book. There is no blah nor bombast in it but there is much love-of-country, the country that, could it speak, might say:

"I am myself. Why are you continually trying to see me as something I am not? . . . I have given you Yosemite and the Great Smokies and Shasta and the Grand Canyon and Going-to-the-Sun and you call my mountains Alpine. . . . I have given you a dogwood flower and the dogwood leaf and you carve the acanthus on the capitals of your pillars. . . . I have given you hermit thrush and whip-poor-will and rainbow-tinted humming bird and you sing of nightingales. I have given you the Hudson and the Columbia and the Mississippi; you talk of the Danube and the Rhine. . . . Will you never know me? What is it you are saying I am like? . . . Do you not know, I am myself?"

Intersectional Correspondence

Range of Opportunities

INTERSECTIONAL correspondence provides a wider range of opportunities than international correspondence in the preparation of material, and a similar stimulus to good work.

The *range of grades* is wider: all, from the kindergarten, through the senior high school, may have a part, since it is usually possible to place well prepared albums in any section of our own country, and it is often difficult to find a contact for the work of primary grades in foreign countries.

The *range of content* is wider: obstacles of translation do not exist, and so albums built about a unit of mathematics or albums containing poems either quoted or original, can be exchanged. More letters can be included.

The *range of territory* to which the albums may be addressed is also wide: all the states are included; also the Philippines, Puerto Rico, Virgin Islands and Alaska, although these territories, being smaller, cannot absorb as much correspondence as the rest of the United States.

The *range of interest* is broad indeed: a Rocky Mountain school and one in the Appalachian mountain range will find many points of comparison and contrast; a southern cotton-producing section and a school in the "corn belt" will grow wider awake about their own surroundings as well as sympathetic toward differing sections in writing one another.

Standards must be kept as high for intersectional as for international correspondence. Courtesy, appreciation, good spelling, and legible writing all are important, as helps in understanding. There is, indeed, a broad opportunity to build a finer attitude than the complacency, condescension or sometimes arrogance that is found in any section toward those of varying history and habits.

Interpreting One's Own State

"Local color" becomes somewhat more detailed in an intersectional album than in an international. The chief interest is in the distinctive quality of the special section, the state, and even the smaller community from which the album comes. Not the postoffice that is like the postoffice in every other town of the same size, but the school that has been designed especially to fit into its natural setting, or the "oldest house" in the village, or the pioneer character . . . the things that give a "flavor" and make one enjoy coming home—these are what should be sought. The assignment itself, after the topic is chosen, may be suggested: "If one of these boys or girls to whom we are writing were to visit us, what would you take them to see and how would you explain the places and things you were showing them? Try to make them feel that they have been here with us." A letter of questions about the section to which you are writing will help pupils there to make their own letters alive.

Examples of Topics

The lists given below and the topics that are developed more in detail represent the kind of thing that teachers can encourage their pupils to look for. The particular field may be determined by the unit to be studied. With the teacher's help a list can be com-

plied. Pupils can then sign up for their preference, not more than two or three to a topic, and go out with questions and cameras to gather their material for letters. They will write more interestingly when what they write about has become a more or less personal experience.

NATURE: Flowers and birds observed, the state flower, preservation of special flowers, birds, or animals, forest or game preserves, local and state parks, favorite picnic sites or hikes, natural beauty of mountains, hills, plains, grain or cotton fields, streams, lakes, forest, desert, artists who have interpreted the section and their works of art.

INDUSTRY: National Headquarters has in the past received albums from these localities on the subjects listed: wool, flax, cotton, silk from Elizabeth, New Jersey; turkey industry and fur farming from Dillon, Montana; rubber industry and Zeppelin manufacturing from Akron, Ohio; gold mining from Nevada City, California; honey from Jamestown, North Dakota; cotton from Chattanooga, Tennessee; mining from Chisholm, Minnesota; mining and smelting from Clarkdale, Arizona; weaving, woodwork, farming, dairy, normal school from Industrial School, Berea, Kentucky; fishing (salmon, trout, etc.) from Fort Bragg, California; fox farm from Bountiful, Utah; iron smelters from Hibbing, Minnesota; rayon factory from East Aurora, New York; shoes from Lynn, Massachusetts; peanuts from Norfolk, Virginia; mint farming from Michigan; woolen goods from Salem, Massachusetts; coal mining from Scranton, Pennsylvania, and granite from Vermont.

LITERATURE: Stories, novels, essays and poetry interpreting the region, spirituals, mountain ballads, cowboy and shanty-boy songs, native writers, state anthologies or magazines of prose and poetry; local history pageants; the state poet laureate.

Most sections have had at least one novel written about them or have had at least one poet who has discovered and interpreted their beauty. In case you can not find anyone who seems to have written truly of your own section, find for the children's own reading or for reading selected sections aloud to them, works like Dorothy Canfield Fisher's books that interpret Vermont; Mrs. Carroll's *As the Earth Turns*; Lew Sarett's poems of the northern woods; Lindsay's of the Middle West; Robert Frost, Abbie Huston Evans, and Frances Frost, of New England; Lawrence Lee, of Virginia. Local librarians, the librarians of the state education department or of the state library will most surely suggest titles and perhaps lend books. Reading these and sharing appropriate selections with the children will help you to increase their awareness of their environment.

CIVIC TOPICS: Elections; local units such as the town, township, county, parish; New England town meetings; welfare and health organizations; safety laws; schools, past and present; laws that affect children.

LOCAL HISTORY: Indian occupation; units of land sold to first settlers as plantations, townships, sections, leagues, homesteads, "Letter A" or "Letter B," glebe-lands and commons; famous or picturesque Indians such as Powhatan, Pocahontas, Brant, Osceola, Black Hawk, Sacajawea, Plenty Coups or

less famous ones; pioneer and frontier days; unique state history, such as "Texas Under Five Flags"; famous or picturesque characters like Peter Stuyvesant of New Amsterdam, Miles Standish or Elder Brewster of Plymouth, John Smith and Sir Walter Raleigh of Virginia, Lord Baltimore of Maryland, James Oglethorpe of Georgia, LaSalle of the Mississippi Valley, Cortez or Davy Crockett of the Southwest, Daniel Boone of Kentucky and the Midwest, William Keil of Missouri, Jedidiah Smith, Kit Carson and Custer of the Oregon Trail, less generally known pioneers of your own state and community.

SPREAD OF RELIGIOUS TOLERANCE: Among factors significant in the development of the country was the religious motive that urged forward many of the early explorers, missionaries of varied faiths, including the Jesuits of the Southwest and the Mississippi Valley, and the Pilgrims and Puritans of New England. Emerson said: "'Tis a whole population of gentlemen and ladies out in search of religion." Suggestions for sectional study and some of the interesting personalities include:

Massachusetts—The Pilgrims, the Puritans, Cotton Mather, John Cotton and John Winthrop; *Rhode Island*—Roger Williams and Anne Hutchinson; *Connecticut*—Thomas Hooker; *Pennsylvania*—Johannes Kelpius and the monasteries on the Wissahickon and at Ephrata, the Moravians at Bethlehem, the Dunkers and Mennonites, Pastorius, Mühlenthal, and the Lutherans; *Maryland*—Lord Baltimore and the Roman Catholics; the "Act of Toleration"; *Midwest*—Robert Owen and New Harmony in Indiana; the Jesuit missionaries in the Mississippi Valley; Peter Cartwright in Illinois; *Southwest and West*—Jesuits; *Utah*—Salt Lake City and the Mormons; *Oregon*—Marcus Whitman.

Some Examples of Letters

FROM PETALUMA, CALIFORNIA:

"The first people to come to California were the Spanish padres. They came to convert the Indians and to make settlements. One of these first padres was Father Serra. With him came some soldiers who were looking for a fort along the coast of California. They wanted to occupy the territory before the Russians did. The padres built missions, many of which are still standing. Later there were large ranches established with Indians to work them.

"The next people to come here were the Americans. They came because California now belonged to the United States, due to the war with Mexico, and because of the gold discovered here.

"Now I am going to tell you how some of the ancestors of the children in my class came here. The following are excerpts from their compositions: 'My great-grandfather came around the Horn in a boat at the time of the gold rush in search of gold.' 'My great-grandfather came across the plains in a covered wagon in 1862.' 'My grandfather left Portugal in 1869, certain that he would get rich in the gold fields. When he arrived in New York he went to work in a store to earn money to continue his journey. In March, 1870, he had earned enough to buy a ticket on the Union Pacific Railroad, the only trans-continental railroad at that time. It took him one month to cross the continent, being delayed twice by buffaloes.' 'My father was the second of our family to

come to California from Germany. He came in 1899 when he was fifteen years of age. At that time, America was hailed as the "Land of Opportunity".' 'My grandfather came from Switzerland in 1889 and landed in San Francisco. He had just married and had come right over with his bride. He came to explore California. Friends and relatives had told him of the wonderful climate and conditions here.' 'My father was the first one in the family to come to America. He came to America to make some money. He came from Japan. It was about 25 years ago.'

"I was born in Oklahoma in the year 1919. Soon after my birth we went by covered wagon to a homestead in Colorado. My father became tired of that and built a store. He soon sold it and moved to another ranch. There was a mortgage on the place so we had to move. In 1923 we came to California."

FROM VIRGINIA VALLEY, PRINCETON, OREGON:

"Many sheep are raised in Virginia Valley. It is one of the leading industries. On the sheep ranches lambing time begins in March. Several of the ewes have twins. Some of them do not have enough milk and they won't claim the lambs. These lambs are called "bummers." People may come and get these lambs and raise them on skimmed milk.

"In the summer the owners of the sheep hire men to take their sheep to the summer range. That is, the men take them to the mountains to pasture. They are out nearly all summer, sometimes only two or three men to a band of five hundred or one thousand sheep.

"In the latter part of March, April, May, the shearing is done. The owners of the sheep have shearing plants where the men come and shear the sheep. They bring the sheep in, put some of them in pens, for the men. Each man has his machine. The machines are run by an engine. When a man wants to stop his machine he reaches up and pulls a small rope. That stops his machine, but not the others.

"When he begins shearing, he reaches into his pen, pulls out a sheep and shears him, pushes the sheep into another pen, then marks down one on a paper. Then he pulls out another sheep and shears. Most of the men shear about one hundred and forty sheep a day. At noon they have one hour to eat and clean their tools. The men get twelve and one-half cents for most of the sheep they shear. On the ones that are hard they get fourteen cents. After the men have sheared one place they move somewhere else."

Summary

An intersectional album should weigh not more than one pound and measure not more than 12 x 14 inches.

It should be made of illustrated letters, friendly in tone, one of them telling about Junior Red Cross activities and others on topics that will be of interest and educational value to pupils in the section for which it is prepared.

It should be prepared, preferably, with a definite section of the country in mind. It may contain one letter with a list of questions the pupils wish answered about that section.

It should maintain a good standard of work.

Results to be sought include growth in tolerance, an understanding knowledge of one's own section and distant sections, clear and interesting written expression, appreciation of beauty, artistic judgment in selecting illustrations, skill in spelling, punctuation and neatness.

The Bald-Headed Baby

ANNA MILO UPJOHN

Illustrations by Iris Beatty Johnson

IN just one thing Christopher disappointed Lucy—he was a bald-headed baby. Eight months old and not a sprig of hair on his precious head! Mildred Hutton's baby sister had thin flat ringlets all over her head. You could brush them up with your finger tips, and they shone like gold. Yet she was two months younger than Christopher. In other ways Betsy could not compete with him. Her eyes were smaller, and she often had colic. But Lucy longed passionately to have Christopher lead in every line open to babies.

"If only he had little curls like Betsy's we could send him to the baby show, and I know he'd take the first prize," she sighed.

Her mother was horrified. "What, send our priceless baby to a show!" she cried. "Put him up for a crowd to gaze at as though he were a puppy or a hen; excite him with all that movement and noise; fill his little lungs with dust! Why, what are you thinking of, my dear?"

Lucy was abashed. "I just thought how grand it would be to have his picture in the Sunday paper. I want the whole world to know that he's just the beautifullest baby there is, and the cutest, and the healthiest, and the best-cared for!"

"But we take care of him for his own precious self, not to win prizes. And if he were the homeliest baby in the world, wouldn't we love him just as much?"

Lucy knew that was true. "Just the same, I wish he'd get some hair," she sighed.

"Don't worry, give him time. Your own hair came slowly."

Lucy passed her hand over her golden crop, thick and burnished and cut even with her ears. Then she fell on her little brother with a rapturous hug, and Christopher gurgled for joy and clutched her hair with his strong, tiny hands as though he wanted to make her as bald as himself.

He was in his carriage on the front walk waiting for Lucy's return from school. He knew her

voice and her step, and he also knew that his outing in the park depended on her home-coming. Now that the spring days were warm and long, it was possible to keep him out until five o'clock.

At the end of the block Mildred Hutton joined Lucy, also pushing a perambulator and then, under the raised hand of a white-gloved policeman, the two girls crossed the avenue to the park gate. The same policeman waited for them every day at the corner, and he never missed a greeting to the babies. "Some kids," he would say, bending down and offering a white cotton finger to each in turn, roaring with joy when Christopher held on to it with both mittened hands, trying



In just one thing Christopher disappointed Lucy—he was a bald-headed baby

ing to get it to his mouth.

"That's a mishtiful rascal, so it is!" he would exclaim.

And the two babies would stare up at his star, dazzled by his big brilliance. Then at a wave of his hand the traffic of the avenue would cease and the flotilla of baby carriages skim across in safety.

The park benches were lined with mothers and nursemaids. Round-eyed tots played near them or watched the newborn lambs that were allowed to scamper over the grass and nibble the dandelions.

Lucy wheeled Christopher proudly past the crowd, and people smiled at the strong-backed little boy, his apple cheeks framed by his blue bonnet. But when Mildred passed with Betsy they said, "Oh, hasn't she the darlinest curls!"

Lucy burned with jealousy. Yet except for his baldness, Christopher was without a flaw. For eleven years Lucy had been an only child, and now to possess so wonderful a thing as a baby brother seemed incredible.

"You'll get tired of him," said the experienced Mildred, whose life was complicated by four young children. "They're cute and all that, but they need too much watching."



With a wide gesture Christopher flung it triumphantly over the side of the carriage

But Lucy had never recovered from the marvel of having Christopher. From the first she had wanted to care for him.

"You are too harum-scarum, my dear," her mother had objected. "You can't put him down and take him up as you would a doll. You must be gentle and quiet and keep your hands and your clothes clean if you handle a baby. They touch everything they can reach. It's their way of learning."

It was then that Lucy began to look to her fingernails, to go softly, and not to slam doors. All the things that bored her most she was willing to undertake if only mother would let her bathe and dress Christopher.

She joined a class for "better babies" and learned about food values, cribs, babies' clothes, how to keep a chart, weigh a doll, give it a bath and dress it properly. At the end of two months she became her mother's partner in the care of Christopher!

At that time he had a dark mat of hair, soft as silk. But by degrees it had disappeared, leaving his pink pate bald. In other respects he grew more beautiful every week. When Lucy weighed him Saturday mornings he never failed to show an increase in ounces. His chest was broad, his eyes, flax-blue, were clear and happy. There was no flower in a summer garden as bonny as his skin.

Lucy now looked with a critical eye on the rank and file of infants. At times she gave points to one Jerry, a jaded boy of her own age who dragged spindle-shanked twins to the park. In him Lucy recognized a devoted if misguided slave.

"You shouldn't let them have those pink cakes. Get them oranges instead."

"But oranges cost more," objected Jerry, shifting a wad of gum.

"Well then, get just one, and give a half to each."

"You ought not to talk to that boy, your mother wouldn't like it," said Mildred.

"Yes she would if it keeps the twins from getting bow-legged."

It was the month of May and dogwood petals drifted across the vivid grass. The lambs leaped crookedly in the air and came to earth wrong side up. Children came bareheaded and bare-legged to the park, and grew brown in the sunshine.

Jerry had his head shaved and his ears stuck out like handles from a pot. Mildred brought Betsy hatless for her outing and her gold-brown curls rippled in the breeze. Lucy took off Christopher's bonnet reluctantly.

One day she saw Jerry leading the twins, each of whom was sucking an orange.

"Oh, you did?" she said.

"Yeah," muttered Jerry, red in the face. "I don't need no gum. I'd like to have the twins look like Christopher. I'll sure hand it to you the way you bring him up. Except that he's got a haircut like mine, he's the swellest kid in New York."

Lucy colored. There it was! Even Jerry noticed his baldness.

That night after she had put Christopher to bed and had gone to her room to do her homework, Lucy's eyes fell on the row of dolls along the wall. They had been unplayed with since

Christopher's coming. He was so much more thrilling. But Lucy still loved the dolls, especially Belinda with her flaxen curls. Oh, if only Christopher had hair like that!

She took the doll on her knee, winding a curl over her finger, and her face brightened with the excitement of a new idea. She ran downstairs and got one of Christopher's clean muslin caps. Then snip, snip, five little golden curls fell from Belinda's head on to the table. These Lucy sewed to the inside edge of the cap, careful to leave only the tips peeping out. A mischievous smile played around her lips. "Now we'll see what they'll say!" she thought.

The next day she changed Christopher's bonnet before joining Mildred, and was enchanted at sight of his chubby face with its ring of curls. It was what she had always longed for, and she breathlessly awaited the world's admiration.

To her surprise neither Mildred nor the policeman noticed the difference. But as they bowled along to the park two ladies passing by smiled at the fresh, healthy babies out for an airing, and one exclaimed, "Aren't those the sweetest curls!"

She was looking straight at Christopher and Lucy's heart beat wildly. But Mildred, who was used to hearing only Betsy's hair praised, started with surprise.

"Why, for pity's sake! Christopher's got curls! Take off his cap, Lucy, and let me see his head."

But Lucy, struggling to keep down her laughter, pushed the carriage rapidly along. She wanted to parade Christopher before the whole world. The girls passed the bench near the sand pile where chattering nursemaids sat and little children filled their pails. In the distance came Jerry, playing horse with the twins.

"Wait a minute," said Lucy. "My shoe's untied."



Mildred took off Betsy's hat and fanned herself with it. "My, it's hot," she exclaimed. "Why don't you take off Christopher's cap? He's sweating under his chin."

"He might take cold," murmured Lucy, but, feeling sorry for Christopher, she loosened the string. Then she bent down to tie her shoe. She did not see Christopher put up both hands and tug at the cap. He jerked it down over his eyes with a grunt, and then, with a wide gesture, flung it triumphantly over the side of the carriage. It dropped right in front of Lucy, down on one knee tying her oxford, and her horrified eyes fell on Belinda's five golden curls.

A shout of laughter went up, and Christopher, sure that he had done a big thing, crowed and gurgled and kicked his brown legs.

"Gee," shouted Jerry. "Christopher's got false hair! What do you know about that?"

"I'll tell the world," gasped Mildred.

Lucy crushed the bonnet in her hand; she whirled the carriage around and started for home, hot with shame. Tears sprang to her eyes. She had made a laughing-stock out of Christopher.

But Christopher didn't care as he bounced up and down in his carriage, smacking his plump hands. When Lucy had turned a corner she stopped in the shadow of a bush and began plucking the unlucky curls from the bonnet, flinging them on the grass.

The ladies whom she and Mildred had met at the park gates came walking slowly by. They did not recognize Christopher without his cap, flinging up his arms, making happy noises.

"Isn't that the most adorable bald-headed baby you ever saw?" cried one. "I do love them that way!"

"Yes. They are never quite so cute after they get their hair. And they say it is much better for the hair when it comes late."

They passed, and Lucy looked after them gratefully. She did not put on Christopher's cap, but kissed him on the top of his warm, downy head. Then she turned off towards the field where the lambs were gamboling.

Behind her there was a rush of wings as a mob of nest-building sparrows fell upon Belinda's golden curls, strewn over the grass.

Lucy whirled the carriage around and started home



The British Museum

We, Us and Co. in London Town

CHARLOTTE KETT

PART I

AS Paul Elwell pushed the button, he and Patsy heard the far-away buzz of a bell in the basement. They both held their breath a little, waiting for the polite-looking door of the brick house to open and admit them officially to London.

With their suitcases beside them, they were feeling a little relieved and more than a little proud of themselves for having actually found their way from the station to Aunt Kitty's doorstep on the puzzling Underground. Now they both stood wondering what this unknown aunt would be like. Would they be glad or sorry that they had followed their mother's suggestion that they should stay with her during their short visit in England before they had to go on to their school in Geneva?

Aunt Kitty Morehouse was, they knew, a busy woman. Mrs. Elwell had warned them not to wear their welcome threadbare by taking up her time as a guide. Yet they did want to see London, and so far it seemed very huge and confusing.

They found Aunt Kitty round, blue-eyed and bursting with life, presiding over a copious tea.

"I know you are hungry," she said, "so help yourselves. Have some more buns; make it a bun-eating contest!" she laughed. She went on to explain that she had recently been made Contest Editor of the newspaper she worked for, and the result was that she wanted to turn everything into a competition.

"I even thought I'd start you two off on a sight-seeing contest," she said. "Give you a problem

a day and see which of you would bring home the best bacon. I simply have not the time to trot round with you myself. Of course I could hire a guide for you. . . ."

"Oh, no, we'd much sooner poke about by ourselves if you'd tell us how," Patsy and Paul answered in chorus.

"Good!" said Aunt Kitty, cutting generous slices of cake. "And can you give me any idea as to the sort of contest you'd like? One of the papers had a stone lion hunt not long ago. Londoners enjoyed it, but for newcomers like you we ought to find something more serious. What have you liked best at school?" she asked, suddenly turning to Paul.

"Editing the paper," he replied like a shot.

"No, I mean of your studies."

"History," Paul answered, after a moment's reflection.

"Then let's take 'Witnesses to Our History' instead of stone lions," Aunt Kitty suggested. "Every morning I'll start you off to hunt for some monument or document or place that touches us as Americans. Then, once you find something, put yourself in its place and find out what it has seen and heard down the centuries. We'll see who will bring home the most interesting, valuable or curious information."

Patsy's big eyes grew round and she pursed her lips in a way she had when she was thinking.

"I'm not sure I understand," she said. "We can't just start off looking for any old thing, can we? It would be too helter-skelter."

"No, I'll give you clues," said Aunt Kitty. "For example, tomorrow, say that you set out to hunt for a trace of John Smith, Captain John

Smith of Pocahontas fame, you remember? My hint for Paul is 'British Museum' and my hint for Patsy is 'St. Sepulchre's Church, beyond Newgate.' And now, as I have a pile of work to polish off before dinner, if you will excuse me, I will just turn you loose in the library. You will find plenty of guide books and histories and a 'Biographical Dictionary.' There is no ban on the use of references in your examinations."

"Examinations?" exclaimed Patsy. "We don't have to write it all down, do we?"

"No, no! Only 'orals,'"

Aunt Kitty assured her. "But my advice to you is to take plenty of notes. Here is a notebook for each of you." She passed them two neat little loose-leaved booklets, ushered them into the cosy library and went off upstairs to her papers.

The next evening both Patsy and Paul looked ready to burst with news.

"Ladies first," said Paul with a grin.

"St. Sepulchre's was a marvelous hint, Aunt Kitty. I ran bang into Captain John Smith outside the church, on the bulletin board. It was posted thick with notices about the celebration of his tercentenary. But inside it was better still, he's buried there."

"There was a man for you!" Paul burst out.

"And those were the good

old days! Why he'd lived a whole lifetime of adventure before he even met Pocahontas; and here I've been thinking all these years that that was the outstanding event in his career!"

"Tell us about him," Aunt Kitty said.

"The trouble is that it may be nine-tenths lies," Paul demurred. "His tales sound as if he might have embroidered them in the telling."

"But they are grand tales," Aunt Kitty said, "with color and courage in them."

"His father, a Lincolnshire farmer, died when John was just my age," said Paul, "and John went right off to France and joined the army under Henry of Navarre. When he was next heard of he was in the Dutch army. Four years as a soldier, and he was twenty and on his way

to Italy in a boat with some French pilgrims. When they discovered that he was a Huguenot, they heaved him overboard. Fortunately there was a handy pirate cruising about. He saw John and hauled him in. So Smith was assistant-pirate for a time.

"Whether he escaped or was put off, I am not sure, but he finally reached Italy, and went from there to Dalmatia, and then north again to Styria. Here he took service under the Archduke of Austria and distinguished himself by inventing the signaling system used during the siege of Lembach. Then, apparently as a sort of afternoon's entertainment, he rode out in full view of both armies and killed three Turks in single combat. This so impressed the Prince of Transylvania that he promptly knighted John and gave him three Turks' heads for his coat-of-arms."

"They are carved on the tablet over his grave," Patsy interrupted excitedly, "so that part of the story must be true."

"They are also used to illustrate a funny poem about him that I saw at the British Museum," said Paul. "It tells of that great and illustrious family, the Smiths, and recites the brave deeds of its noblest member, Sir John."

"Whether he killed his three Turks or not, it is probably true that he was taken prisoner and sent to Constantinople to be sold as a slave. There, according to his yarn, a beautiful Turkish lady befriended him and had him sent to Varna, on the Black Sea. The Pasha who owned him treated him so cruelly, however, that John was obliged to kill him and escape. He then headed in the general direction of England, though why that should have landed him in Morocco is not clear. Anyway, in Morocco he encountered an English man-of-war and shipped on her for home. This was in 1605.

"The next year, when he was twenty-six, he set out with 105 others for Virginia. At the age of twenty-eight he was head of the new colony.



A picture of John Smith made while he was alive

He was with the colony only three years, but he accomplished an enormous amount in that time. Besides his little affair with Chief Powhatan and his daughter Pocahontas, he explored the Chesapeake and made a map of the region. I saw the map with my own eyes, as well as the books he wrote on colonizing new countries. Fifteen years later, he made another map of the coast from Penobscot to Cape Cod; this is also at the Museum."

"It's over that man's bones beneath the pavement of St. Sepulchre's, that I walked today," Patsy put in. "And guess what they lie there listening to?"

"We can't," said Paul.

"The Bells of Old Bailey! You remember the song?"

"'Oranges and lemons,' say the bells of St. Clements.

"'You owe me five farthings,' say the bells of St. Martins.

"'When will you pay me?' say the bells of Old Bailey,

"'When I grow rich,' say the bells of Shoreditch.

"The bells of St. Sepulchre's are 'the bells of Old Bailey;' the old prison used to be right across the street."

Then Patsy looked in her notebook.

"Queen Elizabeth's teacher, Roger Ascham, is buried across the nave from John Smith," she reported. "It seems hard to realize that it was already an old, old church at the time of his funeral. It was old even in the time of Joan of Arc. It dates back almost to the First Crusade. And even when it was built, in the reign of William the Norman's grandson Stephen, it was put up to replace a Saxon church.

"St. Sepulchre's is only a few steps from Smithfield, where they used to burn martyrs. One of its vicars was a martyr, in the reign of Bloody

Mary. All his nine children went to see him burned. Doesn't that seem terrible, Aunt Kitty? A visit to a place like that certainly helps you to realize how much it has cost to forge even as much civilization as we have today."

"Patsy is one up on me this time," said Paul. "No, I'm not sure she is, either! At the British Museum you have the cream of all the civilizations of the world; China and Egypt and everything. If a man knew those exhibits intimately and intelligently, he would know at least half of all the things there are to know on the inhabited globe, I think. I stuck pretty close to the Anglo-German exhibit. The old maps were quite cock-eyed and funny. But the letters and documents interested me even more. I had never realized before what friendly relations our writers have had with England. There were letters there from dozens of them: Emerson, Mark Twain, Poe, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Henry James, and a lot more, written to friends in England. Those letters convinced me that being interested in the same ideas is such a uniting thing that a sea between makes little difference."

They sat silent for a moment. Aunt Kitty told the two sightseers that they had done splendidly for their first day. "Tomorrow," she said, "stalk Penn memories and Franklin ones, and try to bring me home besides an original find."

"Historic printing presses are likely to be in the South Kensington Science Museum," she went on to Paul. "But it is such a fascinating place, especially for a boy, that my advice to you is to leave it to the end of your day's work."

"Work?" said Patsy. "Do you call this work? I never had so much fun in my life!"

(To be continued)

A School, a Castle and a Pillory

WE WERE so pleased to have your album; many thanks for it. You have given us a very fine description of your school life. Now we shall answer all your questions and we shall try to give you a description of our school, our village and country. This book has been made by the pupils. We did it with great pleasure and tried to be as careful as possible. Each pupil of our grade has writ-

THE E. A. Gastman School in Decatur, Illinois, received a delightful album from its correspondent school in Ober-Woebbling, Austria. Several of the compositions in the album were written in English, and where one of these is used in the following article, no changes have been made, so that the reader may see how well thirteen-year-old children in Austria can express themselves in a foreign language.

ten one or two contributions but the preference we made in common. The cover has been made by the boys.

We have the opportunity to learn English, so we wrote some compositions in English. It was rather a

hard work but we took great pleasure in showing you that we are able to communicate in your native language; and please don't be too severe a critic.

IN AUSTRIA the small villages have only an elementary school with one or several teachers. The children have to attend school for eight years; that is, from their sixth to their fourteenth year. In larger places, in towns and cities, the children attend the elementary school from their sixth to their tenth year, then from their tenth to their fourteenth year they go to the secondary school. Those who want to attend a university afterwards must go to a gymnasium or realgymnasium [high school] after the elementary school. We have universities in Vienna, Graz and Innsbruck.

We are sixteen girls and eighteen boys. Most of the pupils in our grade are thirteen years old. In 1899 our schoolhouse was built on a hillock beside the church. All the communities of the district Ober-Woebling contributed. We have nine big classrooms, an office and several equipment rooms.

We have a fine courtyard, where we have gym lessons and games. We also have a big gym, where our bars, swings, etc., are kept. When the weather is not fine we have the gym lessons in the hall. We also use the gym when we have a play.

We have a big school garden, where we grow flowers and vegetables. We have also planted wild fruit trees and are going to graft them. We have built a bee hut. Then we have shrubs which give us a fine crop of berries. Last fall we planted two new trees. We also built a garden house and planted beans to cover the walls of it. In the center of the vegetable garden there is a small basin into which the water from the fountain runs. We have planted vines, and made nice paths and covered them with white gravel. You see that we all like our garden.

A big meadow, which was marshy, has been drained. We made cuts in the meadow to drain the water. Then we gathered stones and put them into the small canals; then we covered the stones with earth and grass. The water now flows through these stony canals into a little pond, where we keep frogs, salamanders, etc., for biology lessons. We intend to plant trees in the meadow.

Every week, on Tuesdays and Fridays, we have our school radio hour. Our teacher brings us his own radio loud-speaker. Of course, this is our favorite lesson.

IN JUNE we made a school excursion to Aggstein in the beautiful Wachau Valley of the Danube. We went on foot, a journey of four



The Ober-Woebling girls play ball on "horseback"

hours. But the way was lovely across the Dunkelsteiner Forest.

About the year 1000 numerous enemies invaded the Ostmark. To defend the inhabitants against these inroads, strongholds and castles were built on the tops of steep hills. These castles were surrounded by thick walls and a broad and deep ditch filled with water. Where the ditch was a little more narrow, there was a draw-bridge. If somebody wanted to leave the castle, the draw-bridge had to be lowered across the ditch. Today at Aggstein only the ruins are left where there was formerly a strong castle which overlooked the valley. The knights of Kuenring lived there. Some of the halls and rooms may still be seen. The big tower Bergfried is very stately. The chapel is lovely, with a fine altar. Aggstein looks quite well-kept.

Walking over the bridge you come into a big courtyard. There tournaments were held. Another wall and another porch lead into the inner courtyard. The stables and the living rooms were in this part of the castle. There was always a big hall, where the knights and their ladies received their guests.

The Bergfried was a high tower into which the men fled when the enemy had conquered the rest of the castle. From the Bergfried a subterranean passage led into the open. There was always a guard on the top of the Bergfried to watch for approaching enemies.

On one side of the wall the rock protrudes a little. This was called the "Rose Garden." In the thirteenth century a wild knight lived in Aggstein. He would imprison the merchants who passed along the Danube. They were put into the "Rose Garden" and left there either to

starve or to jump into the depths, which meant a sure death.

Today there are but ruins in the place of the greater part of the castles in Austria. A few have been restored.

OBER-WOEBLING has ninety-four houses with seven hundred and thirty inhabitants. In the middle of the market is the pillory, a historical stone of old times.

Our church is surrounded by a wall. The holes in the wall were the portholes. The wall was made to protect the church against the invasion of the Turks in 1683. The church has a chief nave and two lateral naves. The windows are painted with scenes from the lives of saints. The whole church is in Gothic style. It is very old. There is a monument in front of the church in memory of the soldiers who were killed in the great war of 1914-1918. We used to have very fine bells. Some had to be delivered to the war commission during the war in order to make cannon out of the metal. We have not been able to get new bells since that time, because we have no money.

Our pillory was erected in 1539 as a sign of the jurisdiction Ober-Woebling had been granted. From then on, crimes could be punished in our town. That was a great privilege at that time. The pillory has three rings near the base; from these rings rises the column. On the top there stands a Spanish knight of stone. He has no arms. His shield leans against his feet. The date "1539" is inscribed there.

When in the Middle Ages somebody was found guilty of an offense he was put in the pillory; that is, he was bound to the pillory in the "poor sinner shirt." He had to remain there for twenty-four hours and all the people could jeer at him. Sometimes a board was fastened round his neck on which was inscribed what he had done. Now this old custom is no more used, of course.

Once, one of the neighboring villages envied us our pillory. One morning it disappeared. But our people knew immediately who had stolen the pillory, and in the night, shortly after, they fetched it back. During these trips the Spanish knight lost his arms and he has been a cripple ever since. The pillory has seen much. Twice the whole town burned down. Everybody looks at the pillory with admiration and respect.

In the second term of this school year we are learning about your country. In history we learned that Columbus dis-

covered America in 1492. We shall also learn about the Civil War and about George Washington. There are many Germans in America. We are learning English, too, at our school. In Vienna and in Germany skyscrapers are being built just as in America, although they are not as high. Many Germans emigrate to the United States every year.

America has brought us the potato, corn, the turkey and tobacco. In return, the cereals have been given to America by Europe.

We have a school library with a great number of books. There are also a certain number of books with stories about the Indians, which the boys especially love, of course.

We know that you celebrated the Bicentenary of the birth of George Washington last year. A big dwelling house was constructed by the municipality of Vienna and was called "George Washington Hof." It was inaugurated on the second of May, 1932. Our president and the mayor of Vienna honored your great compatriot by remembering his greatness as a man and as a citizen.

After them the American ambassador spoke. He had brought a fine little tree which was grown in George Washington's home in Mount Vernon, and some American earth. Some of the pupils of our school heard him speaking over the wireless. He said, "May the friendship between the United States of America and Austria grow, flourish and prosper like this tree," and he helped to plant the tree.

We honor George Washington and see in him a model to mankind in the strict fulfilling of his duty; in his disinterestedness; and in his love of freedom and justice.



The ruins of Aggstein Castle overlooking the Wachau Valley

Something to Read



RUDI OF THE TOLL GATE

Helen Hill & Violet Maxwell: Macmillan: \$1.75

(Ages 8 to 11)

RUDI thought that his grandfather, next to the Herr Burgomeister himself, was the most important person in their little walled city in Germany. Did he not keep the tallest of the five gates to the city, and collect the toll from the farmers who came to the market every Wednesday and Saturday? And didn't everybody know him and say "Gruss Gott," (God's greeting) to him whenever they went in and out of his gate? They all knew Rudi, too, because, until he was old enough to have a pair of leather breeches and go to school, he always sat beside his grandfather on market days.

That was how Rudi made friends with Herr Schlegel, who used to invite him to visit his big farm on the plain outside the town. Rudi loved to go and help Herr Schlegel rake up the hay and Frau Schlegel feed the geese and the ducks and the chickens and the pigs. He liked to watch the blacksmith at work in the town, too, but he always knew that, when he grew up, he wanted to be a farmer like Herr Schlegel.

Rudi's town is very old. Hundreds of years ago an enemy besieged it, and would not let the farmers bring their food to the market. The people were starving. Then the gatekeeper's daughter took her little brother by the hand and led all the children of the town out to ask the enemy for mercy. The town was spared, and every year from that time all the people held a play, showing what the children had done for the town. They wore the old costumes and it was very beautiful and exciting. This year the Herr Burgomeister's daughter took the part of the gatekeeper's daughter, and Rudi was her little brother, because he lived in the gate that had been the home of the gatekeeper's children so long ago.

There are many nice folk stories in Germany. Rudi's mother knew a lot and so did Frau Schlegel and Marie Liese's mother and Gottlieb, the toy maker. They told many of them to Rudi, and they are in the book.

ONE DAY WITH MANU

Armstrong Sperry: Winston: \$2.00

(Ages 7 to 10)

MANU lived on a green island in the South Seas. He could climb palm trees like a monkey. He could ride the big turtles. He could swim under water and spear fish. He could slide down a waterfall. It was always warm, and Manu didn't wear many clothes. All the people had a big feast. Manu roasted a whole pig. The king said it was the best pig of all. Manu was very proud.

COLETTE AND BABA IN TIMBUCTOO

Katie E. Seabrook: Coward-McCann: \$2.00

(Ages 9 to 12)

COLETTE told Baba what a zoo is. "But why do they put ordinary animals like lions and leopards in such a place?" Baba asked. To the Touareg boy the marvelous thing was the railroad. He had heard of railroads, but he had never seen one before he went to Grand Bassam.

When Captain Maillard of the French Colonial service was transferred from the fever-stricken lowlands to the healthful climate of Timbuctoo, he sent for his wife and Colette, his ten-year-old daughter who had never been out of France. From Grand Bassam (you will find it on the Ivory Coast, clear under the big bulge on the west coast of Africa, and only five degrees north of the equator) it is about eight hundred miles to Timbuctoo as the crow flies, and I can not say how much further, traveling as Colette did, by automobile and little river boat and finally by horseback through the ankle-deep sand of the Sahara to the flat-roofed, mud-built city. If you have a big enough map of Africa, you can trace their route.

It was all as new to Colette as it would be to you—the big baskets in which they were swung by the ship's cranes down to tiny tossing boats at Grand Bassam; the cheerful, curious natives; the primitive buildings; the heat; the wild animals; the strange termite villages with houses shaped just like the huts of the men. Colette was interested especially in the nomad Touaregs with their straight hair and noses, their light skin, their great pride, their flowing dark blue robes and covered faces. Because Baba was a chief's son, Colette rode her camel with him to his father's camp. They were caught there by the raid of a rival Touareg tribe who hated the French, and were saved by a sand storm. —J. W. S.

AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS

Published monthly, September to May, inclusive, by AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS, Washington, D. C. Copyright, 1933, by the American National Red Cross.

Subscription rate 50 cents a year, exclusive of June, July, and August; single copies, 10 cents. School subscriptions should be forwarded to the local Red Cross Chapter School Committee; if chapter address is unknown, send subscriptions to Branch Office, or to National Headquarters, American Junior Red Cross, Washington, D. C. All subscriptions for individuals should be sent to American Junior Red Cross, Washington, D. C. Notice of any individual subscriber's change of address must be sent direct to the Washington office.

VOL. 15 SEPTEMBER, 1933 NO. 1

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*At eve cool shadows fall
Across the garden wall,
And on the clustered grapes to purple turning;
And pearly vapors lie
Along the eastern sky,
Where the broad harvest moon is redly burning.*
—George Arnold

LINKS WITH THE OLD COUNTRY

ON ANOTHER page begins a three-part story, "We, Us and Co. in London Town," in which two American children discover in London some of the many links in the chain of history connecting the United States and England. The *Children's Newspaper* of London has an article that adds an interesting note to the Pocahontas story. It reports that a memorial to the Indian chieftain's daughter has just been unveiled in the old church of Heacham in Norfolk, England. It was from that village that John Rolfe set out for Virginia, where he fell in love with Pocahontas and married her in the spring of 1614. Two years later he brought her to England where she was received by the queen and made much of everywhere she went. Just as she was ready to sail home, she became ill, and died at the age of twenty-three. There is a stained-glass window over her tomb in the old church at Gravesend in England which was given by the women of Virginia. This new memorial at Heacham was given by the English Rolfes and Americans who claim descent from Pocahontas.

This summer, too, there was held in England

a pageant to celebrate the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Pennsylvania.

THE CALENDAR PICTURE

BECAUSE there is less hot sunshine in England than with us, the southern walls of sheltered gardens are prized as fruit-growing spaces, and across their warm brick surfaces, peach, pear and apricot trees are trained to catch the utmost sun. In that rain-shot atmosphere fruit does not shrivel, but grows large and juicy. Here are gooseberries as big as pigeon eggs, golden quinces, luscious plums and berries of every kind to be eaten with clotted cream.

Moreover, consider the jam pots in every cupboard from Lands' End to John o'Groat's House!

So, though the English markets are filled with bananas and oranges from the British West Indies, with apples from Canada, and pineapples and coconuts from India, none of these far-fetched fruits is quite so toothsome as the pears and apricots that have mellowed against the walls of the kitchen gardens of England.

—A. M. U.

THE MEMBERSHIP ROLL

YOU notice a change in the *Calendar* this year. Its first page is the Membership Roll. We suggest that, after signing the Roll, instead of turning it back against the wall, you tear it off, mount it carefully or even frame it under glass and hang it on the wall.

INDIAN PARTNERSHIPS

DO YOU know that every time we print a news note or carry a picture of activities in one of the Indian schools, that school is likely to be fairly swamped with letters from other schools all over the country? Naturally, you are interested in the Indian children, but, just the same, it would be a good thing to stop and think before you send off your letters. The Indian children want to be polite and answer their correspondence, but how can they drop everything else and send replies to a hundred or so? We don't want to stop telling about the interesting things Indian Juniors find to do, but out of consideration for them, we shall have to do so unless the rest of you decide that you will never send letters direct to Indian Junior groups. If you want to correspond with them, write to the Junior Red Cross offices at Washington, St. Louis or San Francisco, depending upon which part of the country you live in, and ask for a partnership with an Indian school. Lots of schools greatly enjoy such partnerships.



Lovely white babies, she thought they were, nearly as lovely as her own—but not quite

What the Owl Heard

Decoration by Enid Hoeglund

OLD Mother Owl, who lived in the largest oak tree in the village, woke one evening just as the rest of the world around her was thinking of going to bed.

She stood on the ledge of her home and blinked at the light. The sun had not finished setting and little birds were still about. A chaffinch swung on a branch above her. She could not see it properly because the light was too strong for her eyes; but she heard it twittering and laughing at her.

"Come along," it said, "old blind owl. You can't catch me."

But the owl felt too dignified to make a dart at him, knowing he would only cheerfully hop on to a branch above and laugh at her again, for if she came out too early in the evening the little birds had a way of teasing her. So she just stayed there and talked to her fluffy but nearly grown-up babies, who were in the nest inside the tree.

Presently the sunlight died down; a young moon appeared across the pale sky, and the night put on her silver clothes.

"Come," said old Mother Owl, as she called to her children; and, being of rather a poetical disposition, which perhaps came of being so much among the dark trees when the beauty of moonlight was dimpling the shadows, she sang this little song.

The day sleeps now, so you must wake
Inside this woody tree,
And come to where the shadows hide,
For you must hunt with me.

The old dark oak which is our home
Is crowned with silver light,
And overhead the little clouds,
Like feathers soft and white,

Race through the darkness hand in hand
And dance across the skies;
The moon has such a beaming face,
The stars such shining eyes!

So spread your wings, and leave your nest
Inside this woody tree,
And come to where the shadows creep—
For you must hunt with me.

And the young owls answered "To-whoo, to-whoo," and off they started, each on his journey in search of adventure and supper.

When Mother Owl got to the Squire's garden with its sweeping lawns and sleeping flower-beds, she paused to rest on the branch of a cedar tree and looked around her.

It was nearly dark now. Light twinkled from the old Manor, and as it was a warm evening the windows were open, and music and voices came from inside.

The room she first went to was so bright that she was blinded and could see nothing; so she softly flew to a room above that one, which had

the dimmest of glow-worm lights in it. And there she saw what to her seemed a wonderful sight.

There were two human babies going to bed in their white nests, and a grown-up one was singing to them the sort of little song that the owl sang to the babies in the old oak tree. Only these were curious creatures who sang their lullabies at the time when she called her babies out to hunt and play.

When the dark is coming in,
You can see the stars begin.
They are little pools of light
In the meadows of the night.

Suddenly one of the babies looked toward the window.

"I saw a star begin then," he said. And then, getting very excited, "Oh, look! look!" he cried. "There's a bird on the window-sill."

Mrs. Owl felt rather awkward at this, and was wondering whether to fly away or not, when the grown-up human came to the window and the baby ones tumbled out of their nests and came running after her.

And still Mother Owl sat and blinked at them. Lovely white babies she thought they were, nearly as lovely as her own—but not quite.

"Why, it's an owl," said the big human. "I've

never seen an owl so near the house before. What can it be thinking of?"

"P'raps it wants to look inside our home, just as we like to look inside theirs," said the biggest of the babies.

"Do you know Tony Hall found an owl's home a few weeks ago, and he took an egg from it. I saw it—"

But Mrs. Owl waited to hear no more. So *that's* where one of her eggs had gone! She had missed it.

"I think it's disgraceful," she said to herself as she flew off to find supper. "And I'll never be interested in humans again. Robbing people's houses like that! Why we never steal from *them*. To come calmly and take one of my precious eggs, and then to be pleased about it!"

The next day when the dawn was coming, before they settled down to rest inside the old tree, she told her children what she had heard.

The owl babies said "To-whoo, to-whoo!" which means a great deal more than it sounds.

And the human babies in the old Manor house, as they were dressing next morning said, "I wonder if that dear owl will ever come again and blink at us through the window?"

—From MY MAGAZINE, London



The working model from which immense bronze gates, thirty-six feet high, are being cast for the Bronx Zoo, New York City. Paulanship, the sculptor, worked on the clay model for five years, off and on; it is taking more than a year to cast them. The gates are being given in memory of Paul J. Rainey, the famous explorer, hunter and moving-picture photographer of big game, who presented many animals to the zoo. For a few months during the World War he was an official moving-picture photographer for the American Red Cross overseas



The car was backing quickly toward the child

Safety First!

MELICENT HUMASON LEE

Illustration by Constance Whittemore

ONE evening at the supper table, Jane and Jimmie were chatting together.

"Tomorrow we're going to have a safety lesson," said Jane. "Let's look and listen for anything dangerous on our way to school."

"Hmph!" snorted their grandfather, peering up from his bowl of soup. "The Indians didn't look and listen just one day. They looked and listened all the time. That was always their game." Grandfather had lived near an Indian tribe in Montana when he was a boy.

"I'm going to look and listen all the time, too," said Jimmie.

"So am I," said Jane.

"Let's start looking and listening tomorrow," said Jimmie.

"All right," said Jane.

Just at that moment she felt a scalding drop of soup on the back of her hand. "Ouch!" she said. She dabbed her finger in the butter and smeared it over the smarting spot.

"Hmph!" grunted grandfather. "You'd better start looking and listening right now!"

In the morning, the children started off to school, swinging their bright-colored lunch boxes. On the way, Jimmie said:

"Now you look on the left side of the street and I'll look on the right." They were walking along the sidewalk on the left. "If we see anything dangerous we'll tell each other."

They walked along in silence for a few minutes, and then Jane suddenly pulled Jimmie's sleeve.

"Left! Left!" she cried. "Look to the left!" Jimmie turned his head to the left. A woman was burning papers in her side yard.

"I don't see anything dangerous about that!" said Jimmie. "What's dangerous about burning papers, if you're careful?"

"But she's not careful," whispered Jane, as they drew near her. "Her skirt is blowing toward the fire. She ought to be standing on the other side."

"You're right," said Jimmie. "She ought. But I guess she's out of danger now." Indeed, she was. The fire was burning low and she was raking the ashes.

They walked on again, Jimmie looking to the right, and Jane to the left. Pretty soon Jimmie nudged Jane with his elbow.

"Look!" he cried. "Right! Right!" Jane was staring so eagerly to the left she could hardly turn her head quickly. "I don't see anything dangerous," she said, blinking her eyes.

"Oh, you don't, eh?" jeered Jimmie. "Look again."

Jane looked again. A white cat was strolling across a lawn.

"I don't see anything dangerous about a tame cat," said she, with a puzzled air.

"Oh, I don't mean the cat is dangerous," said Jimmie. "I mean it's dangerous for the cat." And he pointed to a dog that was dashing across the street toward her. Quick as a wink, the cat raced up a palm tree on the lawn.

"Well, that danger's over," said Jane. "I guess that cat will watch where she's going, the next time."

They were still looking in that direction, when suddenly both of them stopped. They had seen the same thing at the same time. A tiny golden-haired girl who had been playing alone on the lawn suddenly dashed over to the driveway of the garage, attracted by the whirring of her father's motor.

Her father had entered the garage from the kitchen door, climbed into his car, and carefully peered all around him before he began to back. He had seen his little girl playing on the lawn when he put his hand on the wheel.

Now the child stood in the very center of the driveway and her father's car was backing quickly toward her.

Jimmie and Jane dashed into the driveway and whisked the little girl to one side, just before the car rolled over the very spot where she had stood.

The child screamed, the mother ran out of the front door of the bungalow, the father jammed down the brake, and for an instant words flew like falling leaves.

Finally the mother said, "We can't thank you children enough. You have quick eyes and ears."

"We were playing a safety game," said Jane. "We were looking and listening for danger."

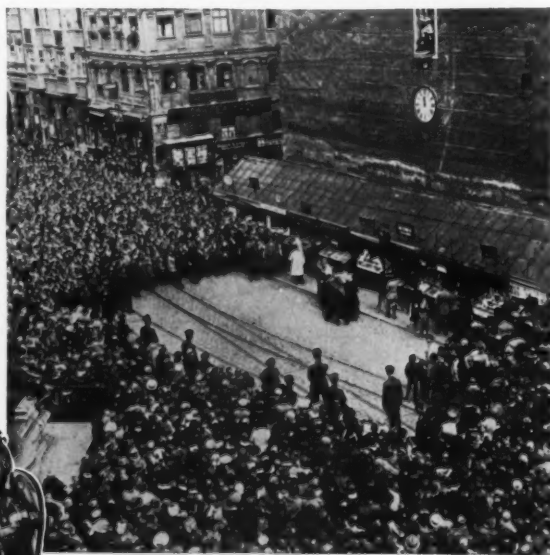
"Grandfather said that Indians looked and listened all the time," said Jimmie. "That was always their game."

"Let's make it our game, too, eh mother?" said the father, stroking his little daughter's curls.

"And ours!" cried Jimmie and Jane.

The Clock of Augsburg

FOR more than four hundred years, September 29 has been a great day in the lives of the children of Augsburg in Bavaria. Some time before noon, every child who can walk, and a lot of grown-ups, too, are standing in the square before the beautiful old town hall. All eyes are fixed on a window above the clock in St. Michael's tower. As twelve o'clock draws near, there is quiet and tense expectancy. The great hand of the clock reaches the noon mark. The window above it opens and slowly there rolls into view a beautifully carved and gilded group of two figures. One represents St. Michael, all in golden armor, his spear poised to thrust into the figure of Satan, prostrate beneath his right foot, with its bright red tongue sticking out of its mouth. The clock strikes. Up comes the spear, down it plunges into the Evil One with a terrific clang. Every child in the square gives a shrill shout. The clock strikes again. Again St. Michael's spear goes into action. Again the watchers shout. And so it goes until twelve strokes, twelve spear thrusts and twelve cheers have been given. Then the figures roll back and the window closes, not to open again until St. Mi-



The crowd watching St. Michael and the Devil, above the clock on the wall. The life-size figures of the saint and his adversary are shown at the left

chael's Day comes round once more.

Augsburg is an old, old city. The Emperor Augustus established a Roman colony there about 14 B.C., and named it for himself. During the Dark Ages, after many years of fighting with the Huns, legend says that the colonists had the help of St. Michael himself in a great battle which drove the heathen away.

Christopher Murman, a noted woodcarver of the sixteenth century, made the figures for the clock in the tower of St. Michael about 1526.

For Friends Far Away

THE Estonia Theater in Tallinn, one of the largest halls in the country, was all alight and gayly decorated with flags and evergreens for an important occasion last December twenty-third. The head of the Estonian Red Cross, the American consul and President Päts of Estonia himself were there. So were fifteen hundred children. After a program of songs and brief talks came the great moment. Santa Claus, assisted by a Christmas angel and Christmas dwarfs, distributed to the children boxes of gifts from schoolrooms in the United States. Many of the Estonian children would have had no Christmas presents at all except for those boxes, for the Estonian Red Cross had decided to distribute them to the needy ones of the capital.

But more than the toys, the handkerchiefs, the pencils, the erasers, the dozen and one things the American children had thought to send, the Estonian children enjoyed having something from far-away and unknown friends. Each simple item in the boxes was like a message of good will. Indeed, the Estonian President, or Head of State, as he is called, told the American consul that the fact that every year for ten years the Juniors of America had sent these Christmas packages to his country had made a deep impression on all of his people and made them feel more friendly to the United States. So you see that those boxes from schools throughout our nation to schools in thirteen countries of Europe, to Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands, to Japan, Alaska, Guam and Samoa, go not only as greetings to fellow Juniors in other places but as America's representatives as well.

Suppose there had been soiled or messy or trashy things in a single one of the boxes. How that would have let America down in the eyes of both children and grown people, and how disap-



It is a Latvian child who is so delighted with the contents of the Christmas boxes (above). Estonian Juniors (left) had Santa Claus, a Christmas angel and six gnomes to distribute American gifts. The third picture shows some of the New Year's gifts sent to us from Japan. Below are members from Shinnston, West Virginia, with boxes they sent abroad



pointed and insulted the child who got it would have felt at being treated with contempt! We don't believe that happened in Tallinn, but we do know that it has been known to happen in the past. That is why each year we ask that you be very careful that every item is thoughtfully chosen and that each gift is the kind of thing that you yourselves would be pleased to get.

Best of all, are the gifts you have made yourselves. It would be nice to have one such present in every box that goes out. Some schools send only their own handiwork. Some, too, have a special ceremony before the cartons are sent away. The contents are on display so that all

may see what is going straight from the hands of children in America to the hands of children in Austria, Belgium, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Latvia, Hungary and other lands.

Last year in the Claxton School at Asheville, North Carolina, a Junior who was dressed to represent the whole Junior Red Cross stood at a table and called on the different nations. A child dressed in the costume of each country to which the boxes were to go came up and told of the pleasure they would give to the children of that country. This might have been a good chance to tell about Christmas customs in other lands, too. Then the J. R. C. president of each class came forward with the boxes from his class and

put them on the table with good wishes for the Juniors across the sea.

Hundreds of letters, albums, drawings and handmade gifts have come back as return greetings and expressions of thanks and friendship.

September is the month to begin on the boxes, for those going to Europe must reach New York not later than October 25. The boxes bound for Poland, Latvia and Lithuania, for instance, must make the trip before the Baltic ports are closed by ice. Find out from the Junior leader in your Red Cross Chapter just what may be sent in the boxes and how to go about getting them ready. As usual, Juniors of the Pacific area will look after the boxes for Japan, Guam, Samoa and Alaska.



Handkerchief inspection is part of the regular J. R. C. health practice in this Canadian school

In Other Lands

✓ **T**HE Junior group of a country school in Brandenburg, Germany, has formed a school committee to attend to such small matters as conflicts among the pupils, distribution of the tasks for the week, the care of flowers and observation of the weather. They have a class savings bank into which they put every penny they can spare. The money is used to enable the poorer children of the school to take part in all treats, such as excursions, sight-seeing, Punch and Judy shows and movies. Last winter, twelve mandolin players of the J. R. C. group, together with a few grown-ups, gave a public concert in aid of the destitute of the district.

Another German Junior Red Cross group in East Prussia takes care of the local park, keeping

the paths tidy. The town council cannot pay for this work.

✓ **M**EMBERS of the J. R. C. in St. Mary's Arches School, Exeter, England, make a point of visiting sick people. They have also studied First Aid and often practice it in school. They are very proud of the fact that seven of their former members have taken up nursing as a profession.

✓ **M**EMBERS in the State Elementary School, Pitvaros, Hungary, told correspondents in Japan of some of their Junior Red Cross activities:

There are many poor people here and we do needlework on Red Cross afternoons, to earn money to help them.

Just now we are weaving two large carpets and making mats and cushions to order in our national style. Every year we arrange a program for the benefit of our Service Fund. Then we perform plays and national dances, sing songs for three or four voices and recite poems.

Out of the money earned, we have fitted the school with washing conveniences, bought some good books and material for needlework. The rest we gave to the poor. Last school year we gave 3,000 bread-and-milk breakfasts to poor children, and 130 articles of clothing, school books, writing materials, toys, soap and candy. We provided some needy families with medicine, food and even money. Some of our earnings we sent to headquarters. The 1,038 Hungarian J. R. C. groups have been contributing towards a convalescent home, and we, too, wished to have a share in it. The building is already standing in a pretty wooded part of the country at Sopron. Now the contributions go toward equipping it, so that poor and weak children may soon have the benefit of a rest there.

Through the National Children's Fund our own J. R. C. last year helped buy playground equipment for the Sopron Convalescent Home.

✓ **T**HE Junior group of the fourth grade of the Girls' Elementary School in Hartmannsdorf, Styria, Austria, is very active. Some of the girls watch over the orderliness and punctuality of the pupils. Others coach backward classmates. Some saved their lunch apples and put them in a box and sent them to poor children in a mountain school. In this way correspondence was started between the two schools.

MEMBERS in the Girls' Higher Elementary School, Litomysl, Czechoslovakia, tell correspondents in Williamson School, Prescott, Iowa, how their correspondence was shared with the whole town:

Many thanks for your gift which gave us much pleasure. The wall hanging is very pretty, indeed. At first we hung it in the corridor of our school, so that anyone might see it. Later on we exhibited it in a show-window at the square of our town. Everybody who passed stopped and admired your interesting handwork. We put a card there with the inscription, "The Castle by the Lake," which the children from Iowa sent to our children." After everybody saw it we put it aside with other objects of our Junior Red Cross collection, in order to preserve it for the new generation of juniors.



Members in Aijitsu School, Tokyo, Japan, sent this picture of their carrier pigeons to friends in Blair Junior High School, Norfolk, Virginia

✓ **T**HE Juniors of New South Wales have thought of a novel means of raising funds. They have put collecting boxes at certain wells and trees, well known to tourists for their beauty or size, into which visitors may throw their coins. They call these "wishing wells" and ask donors to wish well to someone as they make their gifts. The money collected is to be used for the Junior Red Cross homes.

THIS is how the Juniors of Berlin - Weissensee in Germany describe the harvest festival that takes place annually in the garden colony where they live:

I want to tell you about a harvest festival. But don't

imagine a harvest festival in the country. I am speaking about a suburban "garden colony." It is composed of many small gardens where each owner cultivates fruit, vegetables and flowers. Our school also has a small garden.

Early in the morning on the day of the festival people decorate their gardens with colored flags and garlands. Many flags flutter from poles. Then the harvest wagon is decorated with flowers, vegetables and flags. In the afternoon, at three o'clock, there is a great parade through the streets. The band marches in front, then come the children, then the men and women, and at last the harvest wagon with the very small children. After the parade the girls dance and the boys do gymnasium exercises and perform athletic feats. Then the head of the colony makes a little speech.

On the square where the fête is held, booths are set up where one can buy things. There is also a pole from which hangs a prize for the child who can climb to reach it. In the middle of the square is a platform for dancing. There is also a merry-go-round. When night falls, a torchlight procession takes place. Many people light torches or candles at their garden gate. After the procession there is a display of fireworks. The festival ends at midnight.

✓ **T**HIS report comes from Josefovica, Moravia, Czechoslovakia:

Our school had no playground. During the physical-culture hour we went for walks along the roads and ran races. We practiced broad jumping over ditches and returned to the classrooms to the accompaniment of a marching song.

We made a thorough search of our village. Behold! At the back of Rybkov's barn there was room for a playground. We thought, "How can we make one?"

Two days later along came Frantik and Pepik with spades, Karel and Tonik with hoes, other pupils with iron rakes, baskets for stones and glass, and a piece of string. All the pupils worked with great diligence at their new task. They poured the small stones and other rubbish into a hole which, up to that time, had contained water. They filled the holes with ashes found on the premises, and flattened down the uneven places with a rammer.

To our great joy the playground was ready so soon that by Saturday we were exercising on it. We were proud of our achievement, especially when we saw that the inhabitants of the village stopped by the playground and encouraged the players.

Thus even behind the barn where there used to be carts and a pile of ashes it was possible to make the badly needed playground.

✓ The Juniors' Toy Party

WHEN large areas of the towns of Ellsworth and Auburn, Maine, were destroyed by fire in May, families fled from their homes with time only to save a handful of their most important possessions. Two thousand children lost all their toys. The Red Cross went to work at once to provide food and shelter for the people who had lost their homes, and by the middle of July was ready to withdraw.

Meantime the Junior Red Cross had been thinking of the children without any playthings. A few of the most active Chapters in New England and New York were appealed to, and, though the schools were just on the point of closing, eleven Chapters sent enough toys to make everybody happy.

A city full of toyleless children is nearly as dismal for the grown-ups as for the children themselves. And so, for days beforehand, the Red Cross children's party was the chief thing everyone talked about in both towns. It was held on July 12 at Auburn and two days later at Ellsworth. Postcard invitations were sent to all families whose children had lost their playthings. Everyone gathered in an empty field near the town. Every child was given three tickets as soon as he arrived. With one he could get an ice cream cone, with the second, a lollipop and with the last a balloon. There was a band playing, and the children played such games as drop the handkerchief, "London Bridge is falling down" and tag, and batted their balloons back and forth over a high rope stretched between two trees.

The presents were wrapped separately and each was marked with the name of the child who was to receive it. Then they were made into big packages, one for each family, and all placed on a big table. When all the children had gathered, someone called out the name of the oldest child in each family, and he came up and got the family package and gave the gifts to his



The table of toys at Auburn

brothers and sisters. There were toys or books or games for every child.

At Auburn, when the party was almost over, they found they had a lot of ice cream left, but no cones or plates. Of course, though, it couldn't be wasted, so the children were told to come and get it. They held it in their hands and ate it as fast as they could, and then licked the "dish."

Juniors in nearly a dozen Chapters sent the gifts. Before the appeal from Headquarters in Washington reached Portland, Maine, the Juniors of that city had already sent a large shipment of playthings to their stricken neighbor cities. Although they sent nearly five hundred books and toys, the grade schools of Concord, New Hampshire, wrote that they were only sorry they had such a short time to collect the toys, or they would have sent many more. Without suggestion, Norfolk, Virginia, members volunteered to send several hundred jig-saw puzzles. Along with the playthings they had collected in the schools, Westchester County, New York, members sent a number of jig-saw puzzles sent to them by a former Junior who now has a job in a jig-saw puzzle factory, and remembered that the J. R. C. could use such things. Boston, Massachusetts, Juniors sent a check for fifty dollars for the relief workers on the spot to use in filling any gaps.



First grade members of Lake Worth, Florida, made a big "Jack Horner pie." It had a brown paper top with holes in it. For five cents people could reach in the pie and get a piece of gingerbread. The Juniors gave them milk from the big "milk bottle," too. They made enough money to buy lunches for all the needy children in the city for three days

Busy Members at Home

BECAUSE they were so deeply interested in Junior Red Cross themselves and wanted to help other schools to become interested, members in Orland, California, offered to pay half the cost of enrollment for all the rural schools in the high-school district. They also supplied shoes for needy schoolmates, paid for meals for several others at the school cafeteria and bought First-Aid supplies for the First-Aid room in the primary building. They sent twenty-six Christmas boxes to children in the American territories.

THE journalism department of the Theodore Roosevelt Junior High School of Amsterdam, New York, purchased articles from the ten-cent store and exhibited them in the school library as suggestions for pupils in filling Christmas boxes. Posters with suggestions for the boxes were made by the pupils and put where everybody could see them.

EAST Park School of Fairmont, West Virginia, gave a carnival for the benefit of the Junior Red Cross. Included were a doll show, an antique show, a pet show, a gymnasium exhibit, a photograph gallery and a fortune-telling booth. The carnival was open to children for a ten-cent admission to all exhibits on Friday afternoon; in the evening five cents additional was

charged for each attraction. Tea, cakes, candy and popcorn were on sale.

MINGO COUNTY, West Virginia, Juniors collected and sterilized a large number of bottles and filled them with seventy-five gallons of cod-liver oil for needy children.

IN THE schools of Bozeman and Great Falls, Montana, Juniors have undertaken to maintain a clothing depot of their own to help the poorer children of their schools. Every Junior is asked to bring to school all garments that are of no further use in his own family. The clothes are then exchanged among the schools in the communities so that they will not be recognized on their new wearers.

A TEACHER in Buffalo, Missouri, writes:

We have a small box with a red cross on it that has been our sacrifice box. I have only twenty-four pupils and I have been surprised at the amount of money that has been put in the box. They all agreed not just to ask their parents for money but really to give up something that they wanted. In February we had a valentine store in our room and sold valentines for a local drug store. In this way we made money for our enrollment.

We had a program on "Other Countries" and we did some folk dances, showed dolls dressed like children in other lands, played some games of different nations and told how others could join the Red Cross.

Here are some of the many things we have done: We



Every one of the 155 boys and girls of Maboning Township School, Pennsylvania, helped in making six wool-filled quilts for needy families. Pupils brought the cloth for patches, and the wool was paid for by the sale of two of the comforts

went to an old lady's home one afternoon and sang to her. We sent cards to sick friends and letters to classmates who have been ill. At different times we sent large boxes filled with valentines, cards, scrapbooks, toys, pictures and other things to two little boys of five and seven who had infantile paralysis and are in heavy casts; and we sent one box to a little girl who was run over by the school bus. We also sent two large May baskets filled with fruit to an old man of ninety-seven and a lady with tuberculosis, and each child sent a May basket to some child in town that he thought wouldn't get any.

MEMBERS in Birmingham, Alabama, made a thick scrapbook of good poetry. On left-hand sheets they pasted appropriate colored illustrations; facing, they copied the poems in careful and neat hand-lettering. The poems included many by Stevenson, Mother Goose, Eugene Field and Joyce Kilmer. Some of the illustrations were very neatly made by the Juniors; a few were drawings, others were colored outlines.

This was sent to a crippled fourteen-year-old girl in Logan, West Virginia; she will share it with other handicapped children of the town.

MEMBERS of the Junior Council of Lincoln, Nebraska, held one of their regular meetings in the local veterans' hospital. After the usual business was finished, the work in the veterans' hospital was talked over. Questions about the hospitals, covering the place of the Red Cross and of the Junior Red Cross in them, had been studied in English, history, geography and civics classes in the different schools, and were answered in the Council meeting.

THE Park Place School, Chattanooga, Tennessee, Juniors collect magazines and bring them to school for distribution among families which enjoy reading but cannot afford to buy current magazines.

THE Esperanza Grammar School Juniors, of Lancaster, California, tell about their Red Cross work:

We are a little two-room school ten miles from town, in northern Los Angeles County. In our district (Esperanza



Before they sent their Christmas boxes abroad last year, members in Presque Isle, Maine, exhibited them in a show window

means "hope") the ranchers raise alfalfa, and we know all about irrigating, sagebrush, coyotes, dry lakes and such things.

When the two rooms (fifty pupils) gather together for lunch at noon, the teacher reads the stories and poems from the JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS to us.

For more than five years we have been Junior Red Cross members as a whole school, and we enter into as many of the activities as possible, sending boxes overseas for Christmas, making menu covers for the sailors, sending dolls and outfits to hospitals, making baby comforts, seeing that none of our own schoolmates lacks food. We are to send our first portfolio to a foreign school in a few weeks.

JUNIORS of Passaic, New Jersey, spent \$1,073.58 last year on various projects. This money paid for these things: fifty-six clinics for crippled children and 302 massage treatments given in them; material for 1,011 articles of clothing which the Juniors made up; fruits and vegetables which they canned for the Day Nursery and Passaic Home and Orphan Asylum; milk, eggs and clothing for five families; endowment for a bed in the New Jersey Orthopedic Hospital, and operations, X-rays and other treatments for needy schoolmates.

BARTONSVILLE SCHOOL of Rockingham Chapter, Vermont, earned its enrollment in the Junior Red Cross by making and selling fudge.

WESTCHESTER COUNTY, New York, has a large and active Junior Red Cross group. Christmas boxes all filled and ready for shipment were exhibited at a Red Cross assembly in the Hamilton School, Mount Vernon. Many of the

things in the boxes had been made by the Juniors themselves. One girl had made such clever and attractive aprons, pencil boxes and wash-cloth holders out of scraps of left-over oilcloth that Red Cross Chapter workers asked to have them to use to show other Juniors what can be done. Members in the William Wilson School, also of Mount Vernon, made a model of a Japanese garden for the Sinnott Memorial Home, and showed it at the flower show. These Juniors have a regular day each week set aside for bringing outgrown clothing to school. Those from the Harrison Avenue School, Mamaroneck, also collect clothing for needy children. Mamaroneck Junior High Juniors made bandages for the First-Aid classes given by the Chapter director of First Aid. Some of the bandages, the girls knew, would be actually used by policemen and firemen of their town.

EVERY room in the Winecoff Elementary School, Cabarrus County, North Carolina, brought vegetables to the county and home demonstration agents to be canned for the needy people of the county. Vegetables were brought by the children of the elementary school and canned by the home-economics classes, to be used during the winter to make soup for children that were undernourished and those who were not able to bring their own lunches. In September each room of the Kannapolis Junior High School elected officers and organized their J. R. C. At the first Council meeting it was decided that they would sponsor a clean-up campaign. Committees were appointed to clean the rooms, wash windows, care for the grounds and see that the halls were kept orderly. Rubbish cans were placed on the grounds for trash. Each week members of the Junior Red Cross brought flowers with them to school and ar-

ranged them in the auditorium for chapel exercises.

EACH of the Schools in Selma, California, Chapter, put on a one-act play early in the fall. They thus succeeded in raising \$48. Some of this money Juniors used to buy sugar which the Chapter gave to needy families to help with their preserving. The rest was put in the Junior Service Fund.

JUNIORS in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, became so much interested in Japan through school correspondence exchanges, that they gave an operetta called "Yanki San." The costumes were copied from the dolls' kimonos which the Japanese Juniors sent. The American Juniors took photographs of the operetta and sent them back to the two schools in Japan with which they correspond.

A GREAT number of children of foreign-born families attend Bordeaux School in Nashville, Tennessee. When an international correspondence album came to the school from Poland, and while they were preparing an answer, the Juniors decided to hold an exhibit of foreign articles from the homes of the pupils. Exhibits and albums from different countries were borrowed from other schools, and studies were made of different countries in regular school classes.

On the day appointed, the parents were invited to attend, and four of them, representing Germany, Spain, Italy and Norway, were asked to tell a little about their home countries. The portfolio from Poland caused so much interest, the shawls, silver candlesticks, china and other beautiful objects from their own homes were so greatly admired by all, that the Juniors found a new sense of pride and appreciation of their European heritages.



New Lancaster, Indiana, members sewed for the needy

TABLE OF CONTENTS

September, 1933

| | Page |
|--------------------------------------|--------------|
| THE HOOT OWL.....R. Bruce Horsfall | Cover |
| SPRINKLING CART | |
| Dorothy Aldis | Frontispiece |
| Decoration by Edna Potter | |
| THE BALD-HEADED BABY | |
| Anna Milo Upjohn | 3 |
| Illustrations by Iris Beatty Johnson | |
| WE, US AND CO. IN LONDON TOWN, | |
| Part I.....Charlotte Kett | 6 |
| A SCHOOL, A CASTLE AND A PILLORY | 8 |
| SOMETHING TO READ..... | 11 |
| EDITORIALS..... | 12 |
| WHAT THE OWL HEARD..... | 13 |
| Illustration by Enid Hoeglund | |
| SAFETY FIRST!...Melicent Humason Lee | 15 |
| Illustration by Constance Whittemore | |
| THE CLOCK OF AUGSBURG..... | 16 |
| FOR FRIENDS FAR AWAY..... | 17 |
| IN OTHER LANDS..... | 18 |
| THE JUNIORS' TOY PARTY..... | 20 |
| BUSY MEMBERS AT HOME..... | 21 |
| THEY SAVED FIVE HUNDRED LIVES.. | 24 |



✓ THEY SAVED FIVE HUNDRED LIVES

THESE boys, members of the Junior Red Cross in Public School 3 in Passaic, New Jersey, by swift action last May were able to save a passenger train carrying five hundred commuters from running head on into a washout ten feet deep. A wild thunderstorm carried away fifty feet of the ballast of the track near the Passaic Orphan Asylum where the boys live. Watching from a window the six boys saw that the rain had left only a network of ties and rails over a gaping chasm fifty feet long. They knew that an express train was due any moment. Snatching up their slickers, they ran down to the tracks, screaming and waving their raincoats wildly at the engineer. He jammed on the brakes; the train was going so fast that it took him almost a quarter of a mile to bring it to a stop, but stop it did, fifty feet before it reached the washout.

